The Acton Free Press.

VOLUME XIX.---NO. 15. ACTON, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1893. PRICE THREE CENTS.

The Acton Free Press

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Steam Printing Office,

MILL STREET, ACTON, ONT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION One dollar per year strictly in advance. All subscriptions discontinued when the time for which they have been paid has expired. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted on the address label.

ADVERTISING RATES Transient advertisements, 8 cents per Nonpareil line for first insertion, 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

CONTRACT RATES - The following table shows our rates for the insertion of advertisements for specified periods: -

SPACE.	1 YR.	6 MO.	3 MO.	1 MO
20 inches	$60.00	$35.00	$20.00	$7.00
10 inches	35.00	20.00	12.00	3.00
5 inches	20.00	12.00	7.00	2.50
1 inch	6.00	3.50	2.00	1.00

Advertisements, without specific directions, will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient advertisements must be paid in advance.

Advertisements will be changed once each month if desired. For changes oftener than once a month the composition must be paid for at regular rates.

Changes for contract advertisements must be in the office by noon on Tuesdays.

H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor

Business Directory.

J. F. UREN, M. D. C. M.
Office and residence : Corner Mill & Frederick streets, Acton.

J. E. WILKINSON, D. D. S., L. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST
Graduate University of Toronto, Member of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons
Office open every day except Wednesday and Saturday, and the first Thursday of each month.
Over the Drug Store, ACTON.

L. L. BENNETT, L.D.S., DENTIST,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

McLEAN & McLEAN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers &c. Private funds to loan.
Office: - Town Hall, Acton.
Wm. A. McLean. Jno. A. McLean.

J. A. MOWAT,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC
Money to Loan.
OFFICE DAYS - Tuesday and Saturday
OFFICE - Kannawin's Block, Acton up stairs

R. J. McNABB,
CONVEYANCER, COLLECTOR, ETC.
Rents, accounts collected. Agent Fire and Life Assurance. Property bought and sold. Money to loan on the most favorable terms.
J. A. MOWAT'S Office, Acton

SHILTON, WALLBRIDGE & STONE,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.
TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN.
Offices - Creelman's Block, Georgetown and Traders' Bank Chambers, 63 Yonge st., Toronto
J. SHILTON, B.A. W. H. WALLBRIDGE H. E. STONE

W. JACKSON,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Real Estate, Loan and Insurance Agent.
Money to loan at lowest rates
Office, Day's Block, Guelph, Ont

JAMES HUTCHEON
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
Office, adjoining J. A. Mowat's Macdonnell street, Guelph.

PATENTS SECURED
FOR INVENTIONS
HENRY GRIST, OTTAWA, CANADA
Twenty Years Practice. No Patent, No Fee.

WM. HEMSTREET,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS office, Acton, or at my residence in Acton, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.
Also money to loan on the most favorable terms, and at the lowest rates of interest, in sums of $500 and upwards

JOHN DAY, ARCHITECT,
GUELPH, ONT
OFFICE Wyndham Street

FRANCIS NUNAN
BOOKBINDER
Wyndham St. Guelph
(Over William's Store)
Account Books of all kinds made to order. Periodicals of every description carefully bound. Ruling neatly and promptly done

THE HANLAN BARBER SHOP
MILL STREET, ACTON
An easy shave, a stylish hair cut & good sea foam, an exhilarating shampoo always given. Razors honed and put in first-class condition. Ladies and children's hair tastily cut.
J. & H. WORDEN Tonsorial Artists

Wellington Mutual
Fire Insurance Company
ESTABLISHED 1840
INSURANCE on Mutual plan. Any communications forwarded to my address Box 25 or telephone 65, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN TAYLOR Agent, Guelph.

MONEY TO LOAN.
FARM or village property at reasonable rates. Apply to
McLEAN & McLEAN
Town Hall, Acton.

Hamilton's Marble Works.
HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block) the gore, corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont.
JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor,
The only direct importer in Guelph of Swede, Scotch, American and other superior Granites, Limestone and Marble. A large stock to select from and none but superior workmen employed.

THE ODELL
Type Writer
$20 WILL buy the ODELL TYPE WRITER with 78 characters, warranted to do better work than any machine made.
It combines SIMPLICITY with DURABILITY, SPEED, EASE OF OPERATION, wears longer without cost of repairs than any other machine. Has no ink ribbon to bother the operator. It is NEAT, SUBSTANTIAL, nickel-plated, perfect, and adapted to all kinds of type-writing. Like a printing press, it produces sharp, clean, legible manuscripts. Two or ten copies can be made at one writing. Any intelligent person can become an operator in two days. We offer $1,000 to any operator who can equal the work of the ODELL.
Reliable Agents and Salesmen wanted. Special inducements to Dealers.
For pamphlet giving Indorsements, etc. address
ODELL TYPE WRITER CO.
Room 30, Canada Life Building Toronto
J. W. Rutherford, Mgr. for Dominion.

NO MONOPLY IN BICYCLES
Day will sell you Coventry made Bicycle, Ball Bearings, Pneumatic Tire, an A1 $150 machine for $80 cash. Come and see it. He is agent for the Record-Breaking New Howe and Rudge Cycles. Special low prices for cash at
DAY'S BOOKSTORE.
DAY SELLS CHEAP

Bank of Montreal
CAPITAL $12,000,000
REST 6,000,000
A SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
JAS. H. FINLAY,
Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

Education For Profit.
The illustrated curriculum of the
Guelph Business College
For the TENTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR has been issued. By a competent critic it has been pronounced the finest educational calendar yet issued in Canada. Every young man or woman who contemplates attending College either now or in the future should send for it. It contains valuable information, is a beautiful work of art, and both in its appearance and quality is thoroughly representative of the genuine work of the Guelph Business College.
A copy will be sent free to any address, on application to
Malcolm MacCormick,
Principal

W. BARBER & BROS.
PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
AND
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
WM BARBER & BROS

SEASON---1893
WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of
Sash, Doors, Etc.
and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at lowest prices.
Frames of All Kinds
made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c.
Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait.
Price $1.50 per M
PUMPS
Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory.
Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere
THOS. EBBAGE Manager
Acton

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,
[illegible] Pictures, Picture Mouldings.
IVORY OAK **FRAMES** SILVER GILT
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
[illegible] stock of Winsor & Newton's [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Photo Frames complete as
[illegible] Brass Fittings, &c
Our Wall papers
[illegible] the best selected in [illegible]
WATERS BROS.,
ESTABLISHED [illegible]
31 GEORGE'S SQUARE GUELPH

ACTON
LIVERY
AND
BUS LINE.
[illegible] respectfully solicits the patronage of the public and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 7 a.m. and 9 p.m. Careful attention given to every order. The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS.

Wedding Invitations.
Skilled workmen, the best machinery and the finest material are employed by us in the production of Wedding Stationery. Our long experience and correct knowledge of the prevailing customs make it to your interest to entrust work of this description to us, "good form" being imperitive in the etiquette of weddings.
FREE PRESS, Acton.

The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA
Capital Authorized $1,000,000
Capital Paid up [illegible]
Rest 75,000
GUELPH BRANCH
4 per cent. paid on sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank department and paid or compounded every six months
Deposit Receipts issued.
Farmers notes discounted.
The collection of sales notes a specialty.
A general Banking business transacted.
A. F. H. JONES,
Manager.

We want this Advertisement to so Shine
That when in Guelph you will not miss seeing our Beautiful Display of
Hall, Banquet, Piano, Stand, Library, and Bracket
LAMPS
BOND'S
Hardware, GUELPH.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?
If not
You ought to!
NEW SUITINGS, TROWSERINGS, SERGES, WORSTEDS.
Direct Importations. Pronounced the choicest stock in the trade. First class style, fit and workmanship.
R. E. NELSON,
Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher
99 Upper Wyndham St. Guelph

Boots & Shoes
NEW SHOES
BEST QUALITY
SMALL PROFITS
We are receiving daily our stock of Fall and Winter Shoes. You can depend on getting extra value from us this season. We have had exceptional advantages in purchasing
Good Shoes at Low Prices
and our customers will get the benefit
Keep in mind that we keep only first class shoes which we will sell at as low prices as you pay for inferior ones.
We claim to have the best $2.00 Ladies Butt. Boot in Canada.
See our stock of men's long boots prices from $1.50 up
The Leading Boot and Shoe
WM. McLAREN & CO
GUELPH

IT WAS EVER THUS.
Spragge in [illegible] is cheaper than [illegible] has the largest and stock west of Toronto [illegible] freight on all purchases [illegible] he handles the
Cumber Whitworth, Belsize, Fleet, Spartan, Remington, Comet, New Rapid, Premier, Reglan and Excelsior
Business is good because we sell cheap.
P. SPRAGGE,
Guelph

KELLY'S
Music Store
Removed to 95 Upper Wyndham St,
Where I will be pleased to meet all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call
Having disposed of nearly all my stock during the Clearing Sale, I have purchased a very large stock of,
Pianos, Organs and all kinds of Musical Instruments Sheet Music and Music Books.
Call and examine my stock. No trouble to show goods.
C. W. Kelly's
MUSIC STORE.
95 Upper Wyndham street Guelph. Next to G. B. Ryan & Co

Poetry.

DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, setting right,
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnnie's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in her chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance.
Toiling, busy life -
Smart woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him down and look him o'er,
Wife asks how the day has gone,
"Busy time with us at home!
Supper done, Dan reads with ease,
Happy Dan, but one to please!
Children must be put to bed,
All the little prayers are said.
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes.
Busy, weary life -
Tired woman,
Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep,
See the woman softly creep,
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer,
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt and little frock,
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting ugly pain,
"Never mind, 'twill pass away,"
She must work but never play,
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walks to pleasant nooks
Brightness faded out of life
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Upstairs tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low,
Children wander free to play,
When and where they will to-day,
Bridget loiters - dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross and old,
Household screws all out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face,
Steady hands so tried and true,
Hands that know just what to do,
Never seeking rest nor play,
Folded now and laid away,
Work of six in one short life
Murdered woman,
Dan's wife

Select Family Reading.

Bettine.

BY KATHARINE [illegible]

Mrs. Preston was trying to brush her mother's hair, and making sad work of it, for she was so vexed, and some of her anger, half unconsciously, she was expending on the brushing of the soft silvery tresses beneath her hands

In answer to her mother's gentle remonstrance, she said, impatiently

"You should not have let Elsie go, then. Some one else might have taken care of her brother, if he is ill! You know we are to start for Newport early to-morrow, and there is all the packing yet to be done, and no time to find a new maid. What are we to do?"

Just then there came a timid rap at the door and a young girl entered, carrying a great basket of snowy linen

"Here is Bettine," said Mrs. Preston, with a kindly nod toward the girl; "perhaps she could help with the packing. But you should not have carried that heavy basket, child. Where is Mrs. Gleason?"

She was too busy to come out, answered the girl, who, indeed, looked faint and tired. Her voice was sweet and refined, with a pretty foreign accent, and though she was most plainly dressed, there was about her that indefinable air which marks the lady always. And yet she was but a poor orphan, the assistant of a laundress, and had her self ironed some of the dainty linen which she had just brought home.

Mrs. Preston knew something of her history, how her mother, left a widow, when Bettine was scarce ten years old, had come from her home in France to New York believing, as poor people believe the world over, that in this great, free land there is a fortune for all who seek it. And for a time fortune had been kind; she had found good paying employment, and Bettine had been well educated, and brought up "like a lady," said the mother, whose pride was all for her child. But sickness had come and at last Bettine was left motherless, and absolutely penniless, in the poor home to which they had been obliged to move even during Mrs. Perral's last illness. For six months, having tried in vain to obtain employment, the poor girl had been forced to earn her home by helping the mistress of the house who was a laundress.

It was hard work but Bettine was brave and patient.

"It is the work God sends me to do in the present," she would say to herself, when hope grew faint. "Perhaps he has something better in store for me when I shall deserve it."

And the "something better" was coming, as it comes to all who have faith and patience to work and wait.

"What can Bettine know about packing?" said Miss Preston in answer to her mother's remark, with a half scornful look at the girl, which said plainly "She can have had no experience in that."

"Perhaps you think she could dress your hair as well," she added, ungraciously.

"Indeed, I can, if you will but let me try," said Bettine.

And as Mrs. Preston gave a smiling consent, she took the brush, and with quick, deft fingers, and a touch so soft as to be almost unfelt, she arranged the lovely, silvery hair so well that Miss Preston exclaimed

"Why, mother, she has done your hair better than Elsie herself!"

"And far more gently," said Mrs. Preston.

Then, inspired suddenly with an idea not wholly unselfish, but, in part, a wish to help the shy, dark-eyed girl, whose life was so hard and dreary, she asked

"Would you like to live here and be my maid, Bettine?"

"Oh, if I only might!" exclaimed Bettine, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"Come and help me," said Miss Preston, who had quite recovered her amiability at the unexpected solution of her difficulties, "Mother will arrange it with Mrs. Gleason. She always has her own way about things. No one ever says 'No' to you. Do they mother?"

Mrs. Preston justified her daughter's confidence in her power of arranging matters, for on the next day, when the travelers started on their trip to Newport, Bettine went with them. And when, shortly, Miss Preston joined a party of friends in an excursion to the Adirondacks she almost more than filled the daughter's place in her loving care of the dear lady who had made her life so bright.

Mrs. Preston did not mean, intentionally to deceive people as to Bettine's relation to her; but seeing the two so constantly together, and the apparent love between them, certainly no one would have believed them mistress and maid.

"Carrol, I met such a charming girl this morning," said young Mrs. Vinton, one day, to her bachelor brother, Carrol Dayre.

"Where," he asked, carelessly, for he was used to his sister's raptures about "charming girls," and obstinately indifferent to the fact that in each newly-discovered charmer she saw a possible wife for him.

"In the breakers," answered Mrs. Vinton pleased at even this faint appearance of interest on her brother's part.

"She must have been charming, indeed, if under such circumstances -" he began.

"She was," interrupted his sister, eagerly. "Her hair loosened from its net, and fell like a great glossy veil over her. And her feet were as white and soft and dimpled as my Flossie's."

"Yes, she's pretty," said Flossie, who had been listening. "Her cheeks are red, like roses, and her name is Bettine, and she knows lovely stories, and she sang such a lovely French song."

"All in the waves?" asked her uncle, teasingly.

"No, on the sands afterward," said Flossie, with a charming little pout. "And she's going to teach me to swim to-morrow morning."

"She's here with Mrs. Preston, who, people say, is very rich. Perhaps she is her heiress, Carrol," said Mrs. Vinton, who was a little bit mercenary, not for herself, but for her brother. If he could only marry a rich wife, it would be such a help to him in his profession. He would no longer be a "poor doctor." But then he had such queer ideas of independence. He would not even let her, his rich sister, help him; and if she pretended to be ill and need his services, he would not take a fee. But Bettine was so charming! Perhaps he could not help loving her, even if she were rich.

That afternoon they met Mrs. Preston driving; beside her Bettine, her dark eyes shining, her scarlet lips parted in a happy smile.

"She is charming, indeed," owned Carrol Dayre in his own heart.

But deep in that heart he had registered a vow never to "marry for money" never to woo an heiress. And accepting Mrs. Vinton's belief that Bettine must be rich, he tried to put away all thoughts of her. But all day long those dark, lovely eyes haunted him, and the bright happy face followed him even into his dreams.

"Come and see my pretty lady," commanded Flossie, the next morning, as she met her uncle in the hall of their cottage on her way down to the beach.

"Yes, do come, Carrol," said Mrs. Vinton. "Flossie is to take her 'swimming lesson,' as she calls it, and I want you to say how long she shall remain in the water."

"I will come by and by," said Dr. Dayre. "Dennis Reardon's little boy is ill, I must see him first."

"Another of your poor patients!" exclaimed Mrs. Vinton frowning. "No wonder they call you the 'poor doctor.' You'll never be anything but poor all your life, Carrol, if you go on in this way."

"Isn't the life of a poor child just as precious in God's sight as Flossie's?" asked Carrol Dayre gravely.

"What a question!" cried Mrs. Vinton, with a frightened glance at her darling. "I should die if anything happened to Flossie! Why do you say such queer things?" And she hastened to overtake the little one, frowning at Carrol as if his question bore some dire import of evil to her darling.

Bettine was already down on the beach but with a child's variableness of purpose, Flossie announced her intention of gathering some shells to make a necklace before she should take her "swimming lesson." So Mrs. Vinton and Bettine walked slowly along the sands, which were almost deserted at that early hour.

A sudden scream from Flossie startled them, then a splash, and turning they saw the child struggling in the water.

"Oh! my child!" shrieked Mrs. Vinton, wringing her hands in helpless anguish and really unable, through excess of terror to move from the spot where she stood.

Then, without a moment's hesitation, Bettine ran down the sands and out into the waves, and grasping Flossie's arm lifted her up and bore her to safety to the helpless mother, just as Dr. Dayre came hastening up to them.

"There was not any real danger," Bettine said assuringly, to Mrs. Vinton, who took Flossie in her arms and was soothing her frightened sobs with kisses.

"It was fortunate that Flossie took her bath in that little cove just beyond reach of the breakers," said Dr. Dayre. "But I think this young lady should be taken home at once to change her dress, or a cold may be the consequence."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Vinton, forgetting her child's deliverer in her anxiety for the child, without one word of thanks to her who had perhaps saved her darling from death hurried up to her cottage.

Carrol's face flushed with shame.

"I beg you to forgive my sister," he said to Bettine. "Believe me, she is not ungrateful, but Flossie is her only child and hearing what I said about cold, she hastened home, fearing a new danger to her little one."

"There is nothing to forgive," said Bettine, with a lovely smile. Her heart was brimful of the joy which the doing of a noble deed always brings, and no word of thanks or praise was needed to add to that pure joy.

As they parted at the door of the cottage where Mrs. Preston was boarding, Carrol said

"May I call this afternoon and assure myself that you have suffered no harm?"

"Certainly," answered Bettine, simply, wondering why the thought of seeing this handsome stranger again should make her heart throb so strangely.

Before an hour had passed, there came an anxious little note from Mrs. Vinton, saying that Flossie was in a high fever, and kept calling for the "pretty lady" to come and help her. Would not Bettine come at once?

"Go, my dear," said Mrs. Preston, to whom Bettine showed the note, "go, and stay as long as they need you."

So Bettine went. For an hour or two she thought. But Flossie had hit her head against a stone in falling and the blow together with the fright, brought on an attack of brain fever which for days threatened her life. Mrs. Vinton, too, fell ill from anxiety; and Bettine wrote to Mrs. Preston begging permission to stay where she was so sorely needed.

Day and night, patient, gentle, untiring, she watched beside mother and child, in every way aiding Dr. Dayre, who, with all his skill, battled for the two lives so dear to him. And each seeing that which was good and noble in the other, in the very presence of death, as it were, a love strong as death itself, but speechless, grew up between these two, Carrol and Bettine.

This love was stronger than the pride that ruled Carol's heart; and yet doubting that, in return, he had now a love so deep and true as that which he seemed to read in Bettine's eyes, he was silent; till one day there came a revelation which levelled the barrier his pride had raised between him and one whom he believed an heiress. This was a note from Miss Preston, saying that her mother was ill and needed the services of her maid.

A kind of dull horror settled on Mrs. Vinton's face as she read, and turning on Bettine a look of scorn, she cried:

"You have deceived me!"

"I thought you knew," said poor Bettine, in an agony of shame, not at the revelation of her position, (she was too noble for a false pride like that) but that she should be accused of deceit. For a moment there was a silence. Mrs. Vinton was fighting a battle with herself. But at last gratitude for Bettine's loving care of both her and Flossie through the weary days and nights of sickness (even if she could forget that, but for Bettine, Flossie might have perished in the waves before other help could reach her) overcame every other thought and she said, almost humbly

"Forgive me, dear, I deceived myself, I thought you Mrs. Preston's heiress, but I am glad now, very glad you are not. Whatever your position you are a lady, so I ask you to be my friend, to live here with me always, for Flossie and I love you so dearly that we cannot let you go. Stay, won't you, dear Bettine? Help me, Carrol, ask her to stay," and Mrs. Vinton, turning to her brother, who had entered the room just in time to hear her last words, hastily told him what had occurred

Turning to Bettine, with a face fairly radiant, he asked:

"Is it true? Are you really poor?"

She did not answer, and stepping forward, he laid his hand on her bowed head, and raising her face to his, looked silently and lovingly into her eyes

At first she trembled as she met his glance, but now as if controlled by a power she did not wish to resist she let her eyes rest full on his face and with a look of love and trust.

Then he whispered

"Stay as my wife, Bettine."

And she answered, softly

"I will stay."

GIRLS AND SPENDING MONEY.

The girl who is earning her money by working says with a sigh, when she buys a hat that is too extravagant or a box of sweets that she doesn't need, "Well I worked hard enough for this money, I may spend it as I please," writes Ruth Ashmore in a pleasant article on "Girls and the use of money" in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. That sounds reasonable, but she ought to want to spend it in the right way. She ought to think of the days when possibly sickness will come. Then does she want to feel sure that she hasn't a dollar in the world and that she is being taken care of by people on whom she has no claim? Or there will come a day when everybody else is going for an outing, will she have to decline because she hasn't saved any money? I know she has earned it, I know the fine hat, or the fine gown may be very tempting but the mere fact that she has given her strength and her nervous force to get this money should make her cautious in taking care of it.

"Shall I be mean?" asks a sensitive girl. No, my dear, but I tell you it is just as well to remember the old proverb about being just, before you are generous. There is no generosity in contributing to a floral piece for some dead comrade and owing a bill to your washerwoman, there is no generosity in treating all the girls you know to ice cream and having to catch cold because you haven't a thick flannel petticoat on, the reason being that you have no money to buy one. The girl who is talked of as generous with money is, I am sorry to say, too often very foolish with it - the is ready, when she has it, to lend it to whoever asks her, to give to whatever is going on, and when it is gone, she either suffers from its loss in mortification and tears, or else she becomes a borrower. The wise girl is the one who tempers generosity with sense.

COLUMBUS AND HIS SAILORS

As the sailors of Columbus were to him in his voyage of discovery so are our faculties to us in the endeavor of our spirit, and so to the witness for truth are his fellow men in the work in which he has called them. The sailors said "Where is the land?" and again, "where is the land?" When the continuing east wind - the trade wind blew, it seemed to the sailors an omen of fear. "Will it not blow us on and on forever?" So in the advance of the mind in the search of spiritual and political truth and good, or even in the pursuit of science. The impulse of a great directive thought, though it is as a wind from God, his trade wind, which will conduct us to, and then facilitate our intercourse with, some new and now to be discovered land, produces, as we are advanced onward, distrust and fear. Though our faculties heartily were with us at the first, and though our fellow men entered the ship of endeavor with pride and hope, yet now there is anger. The captain is called fool. It is asked, "Where is the land?" The sea is endless, and the wind will blow us over it forever and ever."

MOTHERWIT.

A long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans who survived his master many years was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, Captain." "In what regiment, Sire?" instantly asked the ready witted soldier. Napoleon perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly-made officer received his commission next morning

THE PRETTY GIRL AND THE NEWSBOY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER

A little urchin pale and thin,
A newsboy, with an old young face,
Climbed to an elevated car,
And in a cross seat took his place.

His cap and coat were ragged things,
His hair was tangled, feet were bare,
He looked as if he ne'er had known
A tender mother's loving care.

He sat down with a grateful sigh,
A childish sigh that was not deep,
And leaning on the window frame,
The weary boy fell fast asleep.

Just then a fair girl entered in
In rich attire, with modest mein,
And took a seat beside the lad,
With pitying eyes it could be seen,

She scanned his clothes, his poor bare feet,
His tangled locks of golden red,
Then raised him softly, gently up,
And placed her muff beneath his head.

Still he slept on. Oh! did he dream
Just then of angels bright and fair,
Who sometimes come to our poor world
To comfort mortals unaware?

'Twas but a trifling act, but like
A pebble cast within the stream,
Its silent influence was not lost
Upon the hearts that careless seem

One looker on gave her a dime,
That she, thus much might help the lad,
Another and another still,
Until a shower of coins she had.

And searching then the tattered clothes
That seemed of every comfort bare
She found the pocket, old and thin,
And dropped the gathered silver there

The boy awoke with sudden start,
The gray muff slipping to the floor
Stretched his young limbs as if refreshed
Unmindful of his hidden store

Her muff regained, the maid went out
With parting looks of tenderness
At that poor boy while many a heart
Was moved to thank her and to bless.

CARAVAN OF WILD BEASTS.

Difficulties of Transporting Them From Their Native Land

Few of those people who go to a menagerie realize what an immense undertaking it is to transport wild beasts from the land of their birth and of their freedom to the land of their imprisonment, and, too frequently, of their death

I will ask my readers to picture for themselves an African desert blazing beneath a burning sun, says a writer in "McClure's Magazine." Across the weary waste of sand a long column of men and animals is wending its slow way

As it draws nearer we see that it is a caravan of wild animals on their way from the interior to the seaboard. And as it passes us, the vast mass of living creatures as in a chemical process, slowly dissolves itself into particles and individualities. Let us regard them carefully

In the first place we notice a procession of fourteen stately giraffes, then come five elephants, a huge rhinoceros, four wild buffaloes bellowing sadly after the mates they have forever left behind. Then there go lumbering by a number of enormous carts or waggons, in which are safely confined thirty hyenas, five leopards, six lions, two cheetas, sixteen antelopes, two lynxes, one serval, one wardhog, twenty smaller carnivorous animals, four African ant eaters and forty five monkeys

And then there come slowly prancing by, wary, restless, cunning, twenty six ostriches. There are twenty boxes of birds, from which sounds of shrill screaming are constantly proceeding. There are upwards of a hundred of Abyssinian goats scattered here and there in the procession. These are to give milk for the young animals, and to serve as food and meat for the old

The caravan is on its way through the desert to Suakim, which is the first shipping place for Europe. There are no less than 120 camels in it, which are required to carry the food for this caravan, and there are upwards of 160 drivers in the procession

It takes the caravan upwards of thirty six days to cover the distance which lies between Cassair, in the interior of Nubia, and the port of Suakim, for which they are bound. The same journey is usually performed by quick post camels in twelve days

A NOBLE BOY.

[illegible] I saw a little boy do something the other day that made me feel good for a week. As I was walking along the street, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without anyone to lead him. He went very slowly feeling with his cane.

He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself, "and it's very high too. I wonder if some one won't start him in the right direction." Just then a boy about fourteen years old who was playing near the corner left his play mates, ran up to the old man, put his arm through the old man's arm and said, "Let me lead you across the street."

By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play. Now this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew he had made three other persons feel happy, and better, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving toward every one for many days

PRESENCE OF MIND

A good story comes from the Windy City regarding a well known San Franciscan who is now a pilgrim to the Centre of the universe. Mrs. Dr. Cool went east a short time since as a delegate to the world's dental congress at Chicago. On arriving at her destination she made an early visit to the fair grounds, and as usual with sojourners in that seductive place, found upon leaving that she had spent all her ready cash. On her way back to her hotel, therefore, she stopped at a bank to have a check cashed. As usual, the clerk informed her that she would have to be identified. As Dr. Cool was a stranger in a strange land she found herself in a dilemma. She presented her card, but that would not do, when a brilliant idea struck her.

Flashing a beam from the diamond set in her front teeth upon the clerk, she said, "Please look in my mouth."

"Another one gone crazy," thought the clerk, but he complied with the request, looked astonished, smiled and paid the check, for on the crown in the dentist's mouth the clerk read the inscription, "L. Cool, 1893." Identity was thus established beyond a question, and Mrs. Cool went on her way rejoicing. San Francisco *News Letter*.

A LEAMINGTON MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Mr. Joseph Robson, a well-known Farmer is Restored to Health and Strength after Nine Years of Terrible Suffering - All Hope of Recovery had been Abandoned and he Looked upon Life as a Burden.

From the Leamington Post

Mr. Joseph Robson, whose homestead is on the first concession of Mersea township, about a mile from Leamington is known to almost every resident of this section. For years past, Mr. Robson has been a victim of paralysis in its worst form, and his case was regarded as hopeless not only by himself and his friends but by the doctors who had attended him.

To one who knew Mr. Robson's pitiable condition as we did, it was with no small degree of surprise and pleasure that we recently saw him drive through town sitting quite erect on a cross board in a lumber wagon, and controlling a lively team of horses. Hailing him we asked what miracle had brought about this changed condition, and asked if he had any objection to the publication of the facts connected with his case. Replying he said he would indeed be a mean man if he refused to let the public know how his wonderful recovery had been brought about. Mr. Robson then told the story of his illness and recovery about as follows.

"About ten years ago, while living in the state of Ohio, I was taken down with an attack of typhoid fever, and for three months hung between life and death in a perfectly unconscious condition. Recovering from this I ventured out to work too soon, the result being that I was taken down with a severe cold. During the first stages of my trouble I was able to move about with some [illegible] but the [illegible] gradually fastened its hold on me and I found one sense after another becoming paralyzed. At this time my prospects in life were by no means discouraging. I owned a magnificent farm not far from Toledo, on which we had a comfortable home and I owed not a [illegible] to anyone. I continued to doctor with specialists and experts from all parts of the old States, eight whom promised to cure me of the disease which they said was paralysis. But in every case they left me as bad and sometimes worse than they found me physically and certainly worse financially. After suffering in this manner for two years my family concluded that a change of climate might do me good, and so we removed to Canada settling where we now reside. This hope however, proved a delusion and each year found me worse and if possible added to my misery. Life itself became a burden to me and I knew that I was worse than useless to my friends. I was unable to feed myself as my head and hands shook so that I had frequently felt stabs in my chin when trying to put my food in my mouth. It was only occasionally that I could move around at all and then only with the aid of crutches. I lost almost entire control of my power of speech and got so bad that members of my own family could not understand what I was saying. My whole nervous system seemed undermined, and I abandoned all hope of ever again being of any use to my family. Last fall I was induced to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills and from that date my condition has steadily improved until to-day I am able to take my place with other men on the farm and while my hand shakes a trifle I am able to do a good day's work every day in the week. I am now able to walk a considerable distance, and my nervous system seems fully restored. There is not the slightest doubt that these results are entirely due to the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I am confident that had I been able to procure this wonderful remedy when I was first taken with the disease, I would never have been where I was. The absolute truthfulness of the facts as I have given them to you can be verified by hundreds of my friends and neighbors in [illegible] of my own family."

As to much of the [illegible] contained in Mr. Robson's statement the writer can himself bear evidence. His speech which one year ago could scarcely be understood is now perfectly distinct, his head then dropped on his chest whereas now it is held quite firm and erect, then he could not walk across a room without holding to a chair or table while now [illegible] with [illegible] difficulty

We called upon Mr. W. J. Smith, druggist and intelligent [illegible] reference to the case. Mr. Smith said that he knew of Mr. Robson's ailment and that he had suffered for years as stated and he had no doubt that it was Dr. Williams Pink Pills that cured him. "Pink Pills," said Mr. Smith, "have a remarkable sale which seems due to their remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling arising therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature."

The pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes covered with the firm's wrapper and trade mark, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment

Bank of England Notes

The secret marks on bank of England notes by which forgeries are so rapidly detected are constantly being changed, the microscope will reveal many such peculiarities to an observant eye.

This is the season of the year in which you can buy what you do not want real cheap

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it